

VOLUME XXIII.

NEW YORK, MARCH 29, 1894.

NUMBER 587.

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SOME FORCIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS.

"I WANT TWO BOAS, FOUR COBRAS AND SIX RATTLESNAKES."

"YES, MADAM. BUT MAY I ENQUIRE —?"

"CERTAINLY. IN MY TEMPERANCE LECTURE I INTRODUCE A 'TABLEAU VIVANT' FROM 'TEN NIGHTS IN A BARROOM.'"

L I F E .



"MINERVA CUP,"  
CORINTHIAN YACHT CLUB.

DESIGNED AND MADE BY WHITING M'F'G CO.

## LACES.

There is a very active demand in Laces this season for Dress Trimmings. To meet the requirement we have imported direct from the principal European makers of fine goods, a very choice assortment of **Black**, **Ecrù** and the new **Butter Shade** in all desirable kinds. The designs having been selected by our own buyer when abroad, we can assure their being exclusive.

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*Successors to A. T. STEWART & CO.*

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Fancy Cheviot Checks and Granite Crepe, - - -	
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Ladies' Jackets.	<b>\$6.50</b>
Covert Cloth, - - - - - Cheviot, - - - - - Broadcloth, - - - - -	
(Nothing need be said about that offer.)	and up.

Exquisite Cloth and Moire CAPES  
and JACKETS.

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In their

**Millinery**  
**Dep'ts**  
are now exhibiting  
Their  
Direct Importations  
and  
Original Designs  
From their Own Workrooms, in  
Ladies'  
Trimmed  
Hats and Bonnet  
For  
Spring Wear.

West 23d S

VOLUME XXIII.

# LIFE.

NUMBER 587.



CUPID'S EASTER COMPOSITION.

KING CUPID sang his song of love  
While circling through the sky above ;  
And, calling to the cherub throngs,  
Which force unto his staff belongs,  
He cried, " Bring forth the funds of joy  
And all the fixings we employ  
To conjure up a new delight,  
And let us work with all our might.

Now, boil the pot with passion's fire,  
And add a little heart's desire.  
But, lest the heat should grow intense,  
We'll temper well with common sense.  
Add, now, the freshness of the Spring,  
Then, blushes from the pink rose bring.  
Drop in a thorn of jealous pride,  
A sprig of folly, too, beside.

A little wealth there'll have to be,  
For love oft lights on Fortune's tree.  
Throw in the points of many darts,  
For we shall wound some score of hearts.

A little fragrance, damp with dew,  
The plumage from a bird or two.  
Then stir, and watch the mists unfurl—  
The dainty, dashing Easter girl."



RAISING CAIN.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXIII.

MARCH 29, 1894.

No. 587.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year, extra. Single copies, 10 cents. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.



DO you suppose that there are men in the United States who are as tough, and stupid, and miscellaneous objectionable as the bad men in Sarah Grand's novels? Of course there are some. We have samples of every kind of man here. But do you suppose there are enough of them to make it worth while to write novels against them?

Perhaps you do not know what species of bad man Sarah Grand's bad man is? He is the well-to-do man-of-leisure who has impaired his

vitality in having what we would call "a good time," and who wishes to hang his debilitated carcass around the neck of some fresh and devoted young human female. You would hardly say he wanted a young woman, so few there are of the attributes of a truly admirable woman that he is capable of appreciating. Of course he does not want a female of intelligence enough to estimate him at his real value, or who can think for herself, or anyone else, or who can look out of her own eyes and see real things.



THE young female he needs must be fool enough, poor thing, to think that he is good for something, must be conventional enough to endure misery with propriety, must be credulous enough to believe what he tells her, and blind enough to see with his eyes what he will. Such young females are comparatively scarce in this country. There are girls enough, hereabouts, who will marry debilitated, bad

men who are still rich, but not because they do not know better. As a rule they do know better, and if they do worse it is because they overreach themselves or are wilfully blind.

It is because it knows that the American girl is a tolerably

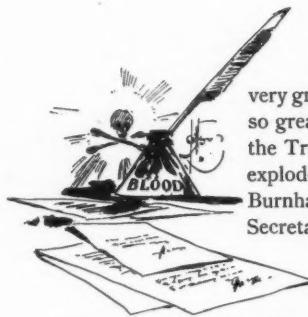
sophisticated creature and able to take care of herself that LIFE cannot believe that the Sarah Grand profligate greatly flourishes as yet in this land. It takes a good many lambs to keep up the quality of wolf, and where lambs are scarce vulpine development can hardly reach a high plane. Our rotten young men have not only to deal with a more sophisticated class of maidens than their English prototypes, but they are under the additional disadvantage of not being lords—what they cannot buy with money they cannot get, for they have no titles to turn the scale.

\* \* \*

LET us hope then that the Sarah Grand stories have less application to American life than to British civilization, and that New York rounders are less marketable than their London prototypes, and that the American girl who is disposed to take care of herself, gets encouragement and not hindrances from her natural protectors.

Let us hope also that Sarah Grand's bad man reads Sarah Grand's books and is ashamed of himself, for he is a nasty creature, and a lunkhead besides, and once to be nauseated thoroughly by his own beastliness might do him good.

\* \* \*



THE President of the American Institute of Architects, though a very great gun, is not, on the whole, so great a gun as the Secretary of the Treasury, and is not entitled to explode with so loud a report. Mr. Burnham should not have told Mr. Secretary Carlisle to his face that he did not know his business and would not do it. That may be true as to certain particulars, but if so Mr. Burnham should have tried to make Mr. Carlisle inextricably conscious of it without blurtit it out at him. One of the most felicitous results that was understood to have sprung from the Chicago Fair, was that Uncle Sam's heart was so softened by the Columbian architecture that he resolved that all his new buildings hereafter should be erected on plans obtained through open competition among architects. But several very large and important public buildings, which are about to be started, are to be built in the bad old way by the Treasury architects. Mr. Carlisle says he can't help it. But even if it is true, as Mr. Burnham has been telling him, that the only reason he can't is because he won't, Mr. Burnham should not have put it to him so bluntly, since to have done that simply gave Mr. Carlisle a better chance to bundle the whole reform out of his way and go on about his other business.

\* \* \*

WELL! we shall have architectural reform in government architecture sometime, but not apparently while Mr. Carlisle sticks to his present job. It is a pity to put off so desirable a change.



## ANNOUNCEMENT!



THE Novelty Syndicate announce the early publication of the first and only number of their new magazine,

## VENTURES.

The number will contain absolute novelties by famous authors. Below will be found a synopsis of the good things, obtained at such enormous expense that we shall be compelled to go out of business as soon as the magazine is published.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| An Easter Hymn, - - -   | Bill Nye.   |
| Bronco Pete, a Tale of the Great West, - - -  | John Ruskin.  |
| Little Mary of the Slums, - - -   | Frank R. Stockton.  |
| Positively this pathetic story contains no conundrums.  |   |
| The Spectre of the Tower, or the Headless Woman, - - -  | W. D. Howells.  |
| Modern Painting, - - -  | F. W. Devoe.  |
| "How I put People to Sleep." { A Symposium,   | Florence Nightingale.<br>Jim Corbett.<br>Rev. M. T. Pugh. |
| "When the Pope has the President under his Thumb,"  | Monsignor Satolli.  |
| Topical verses set to Music by  | Moskowski.  |
| 'Bijan Perkin's Self Sacrifice,   | Rudyard Kipling.  |
| A tender New England Story.   |   |
| Why I am a Norwegian, - - -   | Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.                                   |
| "In Memoriam" Richard Wagner; a loving sketch of the Master, - - -  | Dave Braham.  |
| The Story of a Gentleman. By One who would like to be One, - - -  | Ward McAllister.  |
| A Study of the Negro Dialect. Translated from the French of Paul Bourget.   |   |
| Daisy Bell and her Sisters; a story of Women, - - -   | R. L. Stevenson.  |
| This tale has no hero and Lloyd Osborne has not been near it.   |   |
| "Cleve an' I," dialect poem, Two Sardines; a parlor farce, Hendrik Ibsen. Translated by Richard Croker.                               | Charles A. Dana.  |
| Is Sousa the composer of Grieg's music? - - -   | H. E. Krehbiel.   |
| Five o'clock Tea; the story of a useful life, - - -   | One of the 400.   |
| Sonnet to a Wild Flower, - -  | Mark Twain.   |
| Can a Jew be a Gentleman? A Character Study, - - -  | Nellie Bly.   |
| Seven Murders in Seven Minutes, Henry James. A story without an Englishman.   |   |
| Through Syria on a Safety.  | Bishop Potter.  |
| We would also call attention to special scientific articles by H. C. Bunner, Mary E. Wilkins, Thomas A. Janvier and Brander Matthews. |   |

## ON A WINDY DAY.



Society verse by Professors Huxley, John Fiske and Goldwin Smith.

The facetiae department will be conducted by Hon. William Ewart Gladstone and Rev. Morgan Dix, D. D.

We would have been glad to publish something in an unusual vein by T. B. Aldrich, but he has made all fields of literature so peculiarly his own that it would be impossible. We feel that this compliment is as delicate as anything Aldrich ever wrote.

Intending purchasers would do well to send in their orders at once to The Novelty Syndicate, 2153 West 23d Street, New York, as there will be but a limited edition. To be issued April First. Price, 12½ cents.

Charles Battell Loomis.



MY POEMS.

**M**Y "Hope" and "Faith"  
bought a modish gown,  
My "Longings" a decentish hat.  
My "Fond Heart" went for the latest  
in gloves,  
And my "Moods" for this and that.  
My "Song of Peace" meant a stylish  
wrap.  
I squandered my "Spring" for a  
muff,  
And spent every cent of my "Hoarded  
Gold"  
For the quaintest, furriest ruff.  
And still my wardrobe is incomplete,  
O, ye editors, cruel cranks,  
For the "Sonnet" that ought to  
furnish shoes  
Has been thrice "returned with  
thanks."

*Ida Worden Wheeler.*

A SLIGHT DELAY.

**C**USTOMER: Is the proprie-  
tor in?

WAITER: Yes, sir.

CUSTOMER: Take this steak  
back, and ask him to jump on it.

WAITER: You'll have to wait  
a little while, sir. There are two  
other orders ahead of you.

HER WISH.

**H**E: I'm going to ask your  
father for your hand to-  
night. Don't you wish me luck?

SHE: Yes; I hope he will have  
on his slippers.

NO PLACE FOR THEM.

"**H**AVE you got any barons or  
lords stopping here?" asked the newly arrived guest.

"No, sir," answered the proprie-  
tor. "We ask cash in advance from  
all people without baggage."

**S**HE: I wonder if he has a  
ghost of a show now.

HE: Who?

SHE: P. T. Barnum.

**C**LOSELEIGH: It gives me  
great pleasure to offer you  
this cigar.

JONES: Great Scott! is it that  
bad?

• LINE



Puzzle.

FIND THE TWO LOVERS.

LIFE.



Puzzle.

ND THE TWO LOVERS.

D.

**H**E calls her his dearest, his darling,  
His dearie, his dove—for you see  
More frequent than rain drops in April  
Are love terms beginning with D.

AFTERWARD.

The cooking is really quite dreadful,  
The baby is howling high C,  
And frequent as rain drops in April  
Are phrases beginning with D.

## THE REGULAR PHYSICIAN.



**H**INK you he will cure me?

What a question!

Why?

This isn't a cure doctor; this is a  
regular physician.

What's he for if he doesn't cure?  
He does cure sometimes.

Oh, well, if he can cure I want him.  
You want him anyhow.

Not if he doesn't cure.

I guess, then, there isn't much the  
matter with you.

Why not?

I say he's a regular physician.  
You said you were sick. It isn't  
legal to be really sick and not have a regular physician!  
But suppose I got a cure-doctor?

That's not legal  
nor respectable  
either.

Not if I got  
cured?

Not even if you  
were cured, tho'  
then it is excusable,  
perhaps; but if you  
don't get cured it's  
criminal.

It ought to be  
illegal to be sick.

It is, unless you  
have a regular  
physician.

But suppose he  
loses the case?

That's the case's  
fault, not his.

And suppose the  
cure-doctor loses  
the case!

That's the cure-  
doctor's fault.

Being a mere  
cure-doctor isn't  
much of a profes-  
sion, then?



"HEY, JIMMY, AIN'T YER A RUSHIN' THE SEASON?"  
"RUSHIN' THE SEASON? NAW! WHEN I PICKED OUT A SUIT  
AT THE CLOTHIN' FUND IT WAS A WARM DAY AN' I WANTED TO  
LOOK SWELL!"

No, it isn't.

Whereas a regular physician—

Has some advantages to be sure.

It isn't fair.

Yes, it is.

Doesn't the cure-doctor cure sometimes?

Oh, yes.

Doesn't the regular physician fail sometimes?

Oh, yes.

Doesn't the cure-doctor cure sometimes, when the regular  
physician can't?

So they say.

Is there no safe and respectable way, then, to try a cure-  
doctor?

Oh, yes; there is one.

Well, what?

Get a regular physician to prescribe him.

Do they ever do it?

Sometimes.

For instance!

They have been known to prescribe Pasteur's treatment  
for dog-bite.

But isn't Pasteur a regular?

No; mere cure-doctor.

A cure-doctor may have his uses, then?

Yes; he is useful to have experiment with therapeutic  
methods that the regular doctors must sniff at, until he has  
demonstrated their value.

Thereby, sometimes, advancing medical knowledge.

Yes, sometimes, but always at his own risk.



AN UNSTEADY INCOME.

A RISING YOUNG ARTIST IS SURPRISED IN HIS DEN BY A PROFESSIONAL VISITOR.



INFORMATION FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.

ALBERT EDWARD, the Prince of Wales, has declared in favor of an English republic.

President Cleveland and Senator Hill took tea together at the White House.

"Well, old man, what's up—wouldn't go, hey?"  
"No."  
"Try LIFE?"  
"Yes. Said it was an almanac joke."  
"Better try the 'Editor's Washstand' in *Sharpers*."  
"No; I was there, too. Said they didn't believe it actually happened, and that it sounded as if it had been written since the war, anyhow."  
"Put 'em in evening dress and try it on *Vague*."  
"Did. They liked it well enough but couldn't use it because LIFE hadn't printed it yet."  
"Buck?"  
"Yes. He said the drawing looked as if I had used models, and wouldn't have it. Laughed at the joke, though."  
"Hem! *Pudge* uses——"  
"Yep; but they published the same thing last September, and generally wait about nine months before they spring 'em again. He asked me to bring it up again next June."



Mrs. Xstein : LOUIS, YOU MAY GISS ME.  
Mr. Xstein : VERE? ON DE NOSE?

The German Emperor visited President Carnot, at Paris, and the two dignitaries passed several hours in a cordial interchange of views.

Robert G. Ingersoll has joined the church.

Queen Liliuokalani has ordered a new spring crown and given instructions for the reupholstering of her throne.

A legate Santolli has embraced Presbyterianism.

Senator Peffer has had his whiskers amputated.

Editor Dana has written for the *Sun* a long editorial highly eulogistic of Grover Cleveland.

Mary Elizabeth Lease is afflicted with lockjaw.

Commissioner Blount, of Georgia, has been elected President of Hawaii.

The Duke of Veragua has invested \$100,000 of the fund collected for him by Chicago admirers in a vast estate in Spain.

"JOHNSON always hits the nail on the head."  
"Yes—his thumb-nail."



## TASTE AND FEELING.

THE French have taste in all they do,  
While we are quite without,  
For nature, which to them gave *goût*,  
To us gave only *gout*.  
  
Condemn not in such haste  
To letters four appealing,  
French *goût* is only *taste*,  
While English *gout* is *feeling*.

## DANS LES CONVENANCES.



He looks at the bronze clock in the niche—it is past three. Fresh callers keep dropping in. The others show no immediate signs of leaving. He has been trying for an hour to say the half dozen words which may influence their lives. A subtle magnetism has made her conscious of what he would say. Yet the chatter never ceases. Her callers do not understand. They will not go. Why should they?

Inferences do not count. If he goes without speaking, all is as if it had never been. Only the nervous tapping of the glove against his knee betrays his irritation—only a slight tattoo of the little slipper, hers. The clock chimes half-past three. He has barely time to reach the steamer. A thought strikes him. Under cover of his hat, he detaches a tiny charm from his watch chain. It is a turquoise heart with his monogram in gold. He courteously takes his leave. As the heart passes unobservedly into her hand, their eyes meet. They understand. The breeze still sways the palm in the jardinière. It softly touches his cheek as the steamer crosses the bar.

C. H. New.

## A COUP DE THEATRE.

"JOBSON made quite a hit when he made his first appearance on the stage."  
"What was his part?"  
"The Ghost in 'Hamlet!' He appeared five minutes ahead of time, and the effect on Hamlet was very fine."

## PERSONAL.

SECRETARY CARLISLE seems to have tried hard to do the wrong thing in relation to the Institute of American Architects, and he has evidently succeeded. A few lessons in architecture and courtesy might not be wasted on this gentleman.

Some good spring clothes are nearly completed for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Le Grand Cannon, Mrs. Fred. Neilson, Mrs. Burke-Roche, Mrs. Charles F. Havemeyer, Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger and Mrs. Henry Clews.

Mr. Walter Damrosch, as he leads his orchestra, must feel like the captain of a band of professional assassins, who are only waiting for the first chance to shoot him in the back.

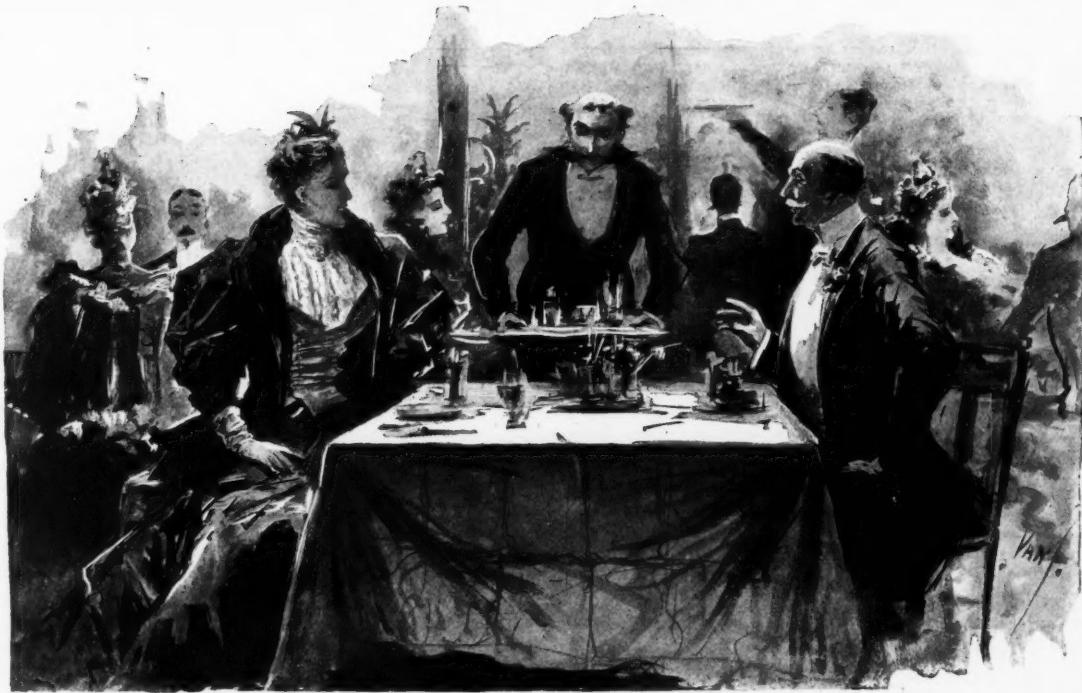
We see by the New York papers that Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Jr., Mr. Ward McAllister, Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, Mr. and Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Mrs. Fernando Yznaga and Mrs. W. Seward Webb are able to be about.

It may be drifting into the realms of speculation, but there is no reason for doubting that Mrs. Paran Stevens, Mrs. George L. Rives, Mrs. Henry Sloane and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Albert Stevens are equally gifted.

Mr. John P. Haines, President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, deserves the thanks of every humane citizen for his efforts in behalf of our friends, the dogs and cats. The primitive and stupid dog pound will soon be done away with, and dogs will not have to wear muzzles regardless of their dispositions. LIFE has never been able to see any good reason for muzzling a well-mannered benevolent dog because some other dog is a nuisance.



A GERMAN FAVOR.



A CASE IT DOES NOT APPLY TO.

*The Baron:* No. VEN ZE FRENCHMAN HAVE HIS HONOR OUTRAGE HE RESORT NOT TO ZE BRUTE FEESTICUFF; HE FIGHT ZE DUEL!  
*She:* THAT'S ALL VERY WELL, BUT SUPPOSING A MAN IS REALLY ANGRY AND WANTS TO DO SOME DAMAGE TO THE FELLOW WHO HAS INJURED HIM?

SOLILOQUY OF A GREAT MAN.

AS down Fifth Avenue I walk  
 I feel I'm quite alone.  
 Amid such wealth, in that long line,  
 Not one poor brick I own.  
 And yet no envious feelings stir  
 My dull plebeian head.  
 As I behold the brown stone fronts  
 That line the walk I tread.  
 No unkind, ranc'rous thoughts within  
 My hardened bosom lurk,  
 For I'm the man, the lucky man,  
 Who does their plumbing work.

Tom Masson.

IN ANOTHER CLASS.

MR. DELAWANNA: I want to sell my farm in Jersey.

REAL ESTATE AGENT: What is the price?

MR. DELAWANNA: I'd like to get fifteen thousand.

REAL ESTATE AGENT: That's pretty high for a farm. You'd better call it a "country seat," and ask twenty.

IT has been discovered where Moses was when the light went out. In a room lighted by electricity.



"PRETTY WELL FIXED."

# LIFE



THE Colonel, on his tour of inspection, unexpectedly entered the drill-room, when he came upon a couple of soldiers, one of whom was reading a letter aloud, while the other was listening, and, at the same time, stopping up the ears of the reader.

"What are you doing there?" the puzzled officer inquired of the latter.

"You see, Colonel, I am reading to Pitou, who can't read himself, a letter from his sweetheart."

"And you, Pitou?"

"Please, Colonel, I am stopping up Boquillon's ears with both hands, because I don't mind his reading my sweetheart's letter, but I don't want him to know what she writes."—*La Famille*.

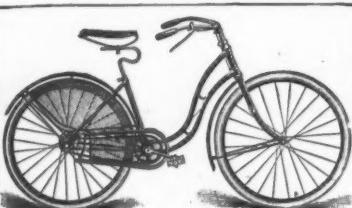
A CERTAIN canon reads prayers to his household every night. One morning his new housemaid—she was a country girl, and had only just begun service in the house the day before—gave notice, tearfully. No reason was assigned; but nothing could persuade her to stay in the canon's house, where, she said, she had been so grossly insulted. No one could understand the girl, but after much persuasion she explained: "I was at prayers last night I heard master say \* \* \* O God, who 'atest nothing but th'ouse-maid."—*The Chicago News*.

"THE little mermaids and merboys never have any snow under the ocean, do they mamma?" said Jacky.

"No, dear."

"I suppose instead of snowball fights they have fishball fights, eh?" said Jacky.—*Harper's Young People*.

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Model 35

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Palmer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila. Agencies in all Principal Cities. Gold Medal Awarded, Paris Exposition, 1889.

#### EUROPEAN PARTIES.

Tours 87 days, \$550; 60 days, \$375; 47 days, \$300; 47 days, \$250. Seventh Season. Send for circulars and references to Mrs. M. D. FRAZER, 70 & 71 Globe Building, Boston, Mass.

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and Riding Costumes,  
Mantles, Capes, Jackets, Etc.,  
In English, French and all other styles.  
Perfect fitting and cutting.

#### Do You Use

Evaporated cream or unsweetened Condensed Milk, and desire the best? Then obtain from your grocer Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream, which ranks first in quality. Prepared by New York Condensed Milk Company.

"YOUR business is picking up, I see," said the cobbler to the rag-picker.

"Yes, and I see yours is mending," was the quick reply.—*Grip*.

ANY PRETENCE THAT MILHAU'S CALISAYA, a reliable tonic and invigorator, introduced 1830, is not the genuine, is absolutely false. 183 Broadway.—*Advertiser*.

The Ideal **HOTEL** of BOSTON  
is the **VENDOME** Amer. Plan.

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**PROFILE**  
**HOUSE**



**WHITE**  
**M'TNS**

Location unsurpassed in scenic attractions.

TAFT & GREENLEAF.

# LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY

Banker, 50 Broadway, New York,

Buy and sells Bills of Exchange on all parts of the world

DR. EDWARD BEDLOE came over from Philadelphia one night recently, and was entertaining a choice group of friends with tales of the far East. In the edge of the group sat a man from Pennsylvania, who had come over from Pottsville on some Government business. He was all ears and eagerness. His name was Strauss. Finally the restraint became too intense, and he broke loose:

"Toctor," said he, "what is dot new relichun I heers off apout China? My wife has got it ferry bad, und I don't understand it."

"Tell me the name," said Bedloe. "Is it Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Shintoism, Taoism, Confucianism, or what?"

"No, it is no isms, but der name is like a tramp's migrashun of der soul, aind it?"

"Oh, you doubtless mean transmigration of the soul."

"Yah, dot's it. Yust dell me about dot."

"Certainly. Transmigration of the soul is a very pretty poetic doctrine of metempsychosis, which our friends of the Theosophical Society have borrowed from the far East."

"Here, here, doctor, tell me vot dot means, so I can undershtand what you vas talking aboud."

"All right—I will tell you in plain language. Take yourself, for instance. You live to the allotted age of threescore years and ten, and then you pass away. Your soul goes into the body of a bird—a canary, we'll say—and from your gilded cage you fill a lady's boudoir with melody, living a life of luxury and fed from the dainty fingers of beauty."

"Oh, dot is peautiful, peautiful! I like dot."

"And then you die again, and your soul goes into a lovely flower in a garden, and you fill the air with fragrance and delight the eye with your exquisite color and delicacy of petals!"

"Ah, dot is fine. I like dot relichun."

"As I was saying when you interrupted me, you live the life of a flower, until one day a donkey gets into the garden, and, attracted by your loveliness, he eats you, and your soul passes into the donkey!"

"Yah, Yah."

"When some former acquaintance comes along, strokes your long ears and says: 'Why, Strauss, is it you? How little you have changed!'—*Washington Post*.

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